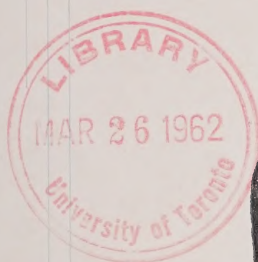


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the

Diamond



AAACH! Spring

1962

the

VOLUME 2

Diamond

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Toronto Globe & Mail

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TO OUR READERS...

The Diamond, the finest thing, we think, ever to come out of Collin's Bay Penitentiary is about to dispense with its colour layout. This was decided by the editor, not because he is averse to colours or anything of that nature, but because he likes his job, and because no one among his extensive staff has amassed sufficient education to decipher by what ancient system the cost of colouring is affixed.

Besides, the esteemed Atlantic Monthly has, through the years, retained its high standard of quality (and sold magazines) without the benefit of colour layout. Therefore, there should be no reason for the Diamond to feel degraded, degenerated or de-emphasized, or so the Diamond hopes!

Colour, it seems, is a luxury, and being of the stern classical school, we will endeavour, as did the Greeks, to attain a true, simple beauty, sans this luxury called colouring.

Within this issue, the Diamond presents the second article in the *Profile* series. a coverage of Mr. T. George Street's visit to Collin's Bay, and the *Toronto Report* from Lex Schrag.

You may read the aforementioned articles if your subscription still has several months to run, but if it runs out this month, *Don't Wait* — Before you plunge into the Diamond, mail your renewal.

NOW!

TORONTO E P O R T

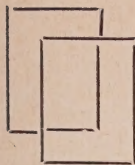
The Diamond's Toronto Correspondent (alias the churl of Mortgage Manor) has made a few timid attempts to get answers from the legal profession and minor members of the judiciary to a certain question.

The question was posed by the magazine's editor. He wanted to know: What separates the ordinary, everyday citizen from the man who gets himself sent to the reformatory and the penitentiary.

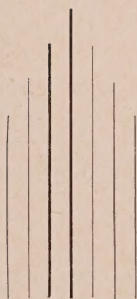
To date, the churl's efforts have proved notably unsuccessful.

by

Lex Schrag



The
Editor
Sells



Just the other day one of the fellows came into the Diamond office. He grovelled in the dust for several minutes as the editor (really only a cleaner) swept the cluttered tile floor causing tiny particles of unhealthy earth to swirl frantically in the air, hang limp for several seconds, and then drift lifelessly to the tile floor again. It was a hopeless job, the editor realized, but after all, it was a job that must be done. Yes, you would think that some eager young reporter would be available to sweep the floor! But alas, they are all temperamental and comparatively feeble of limb, and the editor, being a sympathetic creature, cannot endure to watch them groan, moan, cough, mutter, and writhe with a thousand and one physical torments, all results of wielding the broom, so he sweeps the floor himself.

The visitor awaited stoically as the editor, amid his infamous salutations of literally disquieting scriptures, swept the last of the visible dirt out of the office and slammed the door, almost shattering the nine tiny windows in it. "Hah!" he sighed victoriously.

The visitor smiled knowingly. "I'd like to see an old copy of the Diamond, if you have one."

"In the back room," said the editor unenthusiastically, watching the man rummage through piles of ancient manuscripts and finally re-enter the office with a bright, if somewhat battered Diamond.

"Pretty good," said the man, leafing nonchalantly through the magazine.

"I think so," said the editor, expanding his bird-like chest to the full.

"Yeah," said the man, "it isn't bad at all, but why don't you. . . .!"

"You can take the book with you when you leave," muttered the editor menacingly, anticipating some rude allusion to the quality of his work, and bracing himself against his swivel chair as the anger swelled in his veins. "One, two, three," he counted beneath his breath, while in the blank silence of his mind he tried not to let it get him down.

"But," cried the other, "I have not got what I came for."

"Oh," smiled the editor with a radiant undertone of sneering sarcasm, "and what exactly did you come for?" He paused, and bore his eyes into the man heartlessly. "No! Wait!" cried the editor. "Let me guess. I know...you're a reporter? You want a job on the Diamond?"

"Well, no," said the man. "I'm not a reporter, and although I would like a job on the Diamond, what I really came up here for was to see if I could buy a subscription. You see, I'd like to send the Diamond to some of the folks. . . ."

The editor was awakened and rose from his comfortable resting place of a chair with a tender, fatherly smile, glowing upon his face. "Dear, dear boy," cried the editor, "why didn't you say so in the first place?" Cash! Dollar signs! The editor was at his best. "Why my good man," said the editor, "of course you can buy some subscriptions. How many friends and relatives have you?"

"Well," began the man, "there's mom and dad, Aunt Lucy, Aunt Mary and Uncle Joe, Cousin Ned, Cousin Tom, Nancy Potter, Joe Conroy, Willie Strut . . . that's about all I can think of for the time being."

"Take your time now," coaxed the editor, "we can't forget about anyone now, can we?" The editor placed his arm upon the other's shoulder and reaching with the other hand into the filing cabinet, grasped a handful of subscription blanks. "Here you are, my fine fellow," he said, putting the blanks on the desk in front of him. "You just take your time and don't forget anyone. What? . . . oh, yes. . . sign your name right there, and put where you want it to go on the reverse side. That's right, my good man. You know, I think that with some luck you should be able to get through that whole pile of blanks. What do you think? No. . . no, don't bother with me. Just keep thinking and signing. Yes, that's it."

Half an hour later, the man exited from the office with a deep feeling that he had really outdone himself. He had signed his name to twenty-one blanks, and left the editor pridefully basking in visions of his own masterful salesmanship.

For another hour, the editor worked feverishly addressing envelopes and cards for his filing system. Then he took the blanks to the accountant to have the money transferred to the Diamond account. The accountant looked long and hard at the blanks and then grinned brutally. He went over to his ledger, flipped through the pages and finally stooped and squinted at something written there. Returning to the counter, the accountant handed the blanks back to the editor. "Worthless," he said, "not worth the paper they're written on." The accountant ambled away to his work, leaving the editor alone to brood, boil and grind his teeth violently.

And so begins another day in the life of. . . an editor?

Beaver

Creek

Inmates

Host

Lions

Club

invited the Club out to the lodge for a regular monthly meeting. Seating arrangements were such that two inmates played host to each visitor.

Inmates were expected to answer any questions their guests might ask, and in general explain the overall policy of the Camp.

Although the idea of a group of outsiders dining with Federal Penitentiary inmates is certainly unique, the social aspects of the evening are not. The forty-eight inmates at Beaver Creek have very quickly become an integral part of the Gravenhurst community. They make frequent trips into town, under supervision, and are generally encouraged to make friends with the citizens and merchants.

The people of Gravenhurst look upon the Camp with pride. There has been no trouble of a serious nature to date, and so long as the inmates continue to take a pride in the trust that has been placed with them, there isn't likely to be any.

It was not uncommon for 150 local residents, or more, to attend a single sports activity in Camp this past summer. Inmates were encouraged to mix freely with the guests, making them feel welcome. This has done much to dispel any hostility that once might have been felt by the local residents.

But the fact that being a convict in Gravenhurst seems to hold no black stigma is still amazing, to say the least. It speaks highly for both the citizens and inmates alike.

Quite possibly some of our educated, enlightened citizens in the larger metro areas throughout the province could learn a valuable human lesson from the people of Gravenhurst.

Recently, about twenty members of the Gravenhurst Lions Club were feted at a dinner sponsored by the inmates and staff of the Beaver Creek Correctional Camp. The evening was originally planned as a regular monthly meeting for the Club, but formal proceedings were quickly adjourned to make way for social chatter with the inmates.

In keeping with his "Home Atmosphere" policy, superintendent Halfhide

PAROLE

CHAIRMAN

Recently, Mr. T. George Street, Q.C., the Chairman of the National Parole Service, favoured our institution with a visit. In the company of Colonel V.S.J. Richmond, the Warden, and Mr. C.A.M. Edwards, the Regional Representative of the National Parole Service for the Kingston area, Mr. Street made a tour of the Vocational Shops, the new Protestant Chapel, the new gymnasium (under construction), and the surrounding areas.

Following this tour, Mr. Street and Mr. Edwards joined Mr. W.C. Rynasko, the senior Classification Officer for Collin's Bay, to form a three man committee for a question and answer type interview with eight representatives from the inmate population. Unfortunately, after Mr. Street had completed his tour, there was not sufficient time to cover all the areas of questioning desired. However, some very significant points were cleared up.

For those inmates who did not hear the report of the meeting over the radio, and for our reading public, here are a few facts. To begin, any inmate desirous of a parole must make an application for the same. Paroles are not granted without applications. The Chairman's recommendation is that all applicants fill in the forms by themselves without the assistance of their *learned friends*. In those cases where the inmate is unsure of himself, Mr. Street suggested that he request the

assistance of his classification officer rather than that of his fellow inmate. If a parole application is deferred or denied, the applicant will be notified. No reasons for such deferral or denial will be given, but Mr. Street thinks that in most instances the applicant would know the reasons himself. A deciding factor in the applicant being granted, deferred or denied parole is his *attitude*. *Has the inmate's attitude improved sufficiently to warrant a parole?* Another deciding factor is what training the inmate received, whether he attempted to improve himself via academic education or trades training.

Inter-Provincial paroles are granted on the same basis as local paroles, but sometimes it takes a little longer for the investigations and paper work. Pre-Release programmes are in some instances available to the prospective parolee, but are primarily for inmates serving out long sentences.

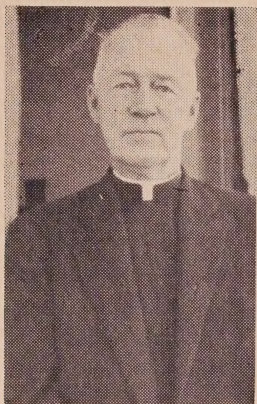
When an applicant has two different offences, for example: robbery with violence and forgery or fraud, it would be necessary for the Parole Board to have a psychiatric report before rendering a decision because of the two separate personality traits. If any further knowledge is required, it may be obtained by borrowing a copy of the Handbook on Parole by T. George Street, from the institution library.

Mr. Street and his committee members were most co-operative, and Mr. Street especially, left the inmates very much impressed by his obvious sincerity, honesty and frankness. Mr. Street answered all questions that were asked of him, and did so competently.

Following are some of the statistics given by Mr. Street:

NATIONAL PAROLE BOARD
STATISTICS RE PAROLE
To end of December — 1961
(first 3 years)

	1961	1960	1959
Cases Reviewed	9900	7239	5120
Parole Denied	5401	3077	2790
Parole Granted	1919	2154	2038
Parole for Deportation	37	49	
Parole with Gradual	46	73	
Short Parole	130	183	
	—	—	—
TOTAL PAROLES GRANTED	2132	2459	2038
	—	—	—
Paroles Revoked	124	97	52
Paroles Forfeited	148	94	58
	—	—	—
	272	191	110
	—	—	—
Total paroles granted for first three years —	6629		
Total failures	—	573 or 8.6%	



An

Easter

Love

Story

F. M. Devine, S.J.
Catholic Chaplain

Much has been written by the Sacred Authors on the subject of the rejection by us humans of the love of the Heart of Christ for us. His was the love of a human, as well as a divine heart, and as such, was marked by all the gentle nuances of affectionate warmth and deep tenderness that characterize the finest of human love.

But even though it was, and is, the love of a divine person, of God Himself, it is a love that has suffered, for it is largely rejected love, rejected, sadly enough, but us to whom it was so gently and tenderly directed.

But on this Easter Day, this glad, ringing anniversary of Christ's smashing victory over death and sin and hell, we can joyfully record that one aspect at least of Christ's love is by no means a frustrated and defeated longing.

In the blinding Resurrection of Our Lord and Saviour we see the triumph of His foremost love: His infinite and unutterable love for His Father. And, as though performing His part in this mutual exchange of love, the Father, as recorded in the Acts, raised Him up again, and by so doing gave public, official, and completely overwhelming acceptance of the infinite love, (offered, of course, in the form of sacrifice on Calvary) of His Beloved Son.

And now, to bring us poor humans back into the picture and to redeem somewhat the accusation of our coldness and rejection, we can claim parntership at least with some amongst us by whom our supreme Lord is Loved, as no one on the face of the earth has ever been loved, with a dedicated, totally unhesitating and unsparing devotion which knows no parallel in the annals of mankind.

SHOW TIME

The first of a series of stage shows to be presented here during 1962 proved to be a success. Headlined by Kuth Knowlton and his band, the show also included several local stars who had appeared here previously. Heading the list of familiar faces were Eva Howard, Orvil Wayneman and Enid Reynolds.

"Buttons and Bows", a novelty number by Eva Howard, with an assist by Orvil Wayneman, literally stopped the show. Toggled in burlap and a black wig. Eva clowned her way through a most original and humorous version of this old favourite. A great deal of sheer energy was also required for her to race about the stage as she did. This in no way detracted from the fine arrangements of "Bye Bye Black Bird" and "From This Moment On", which she sang so well.

Orvil Wayneman, MC for the afternoon, was his usual, capable self. Peppered the show with humour and wit, he was also responsible for a high point in the show with his unique version of "Wagon Wheels". Both in size and technique, Orrv. reminds one of Mickey Rooney in his younger days.

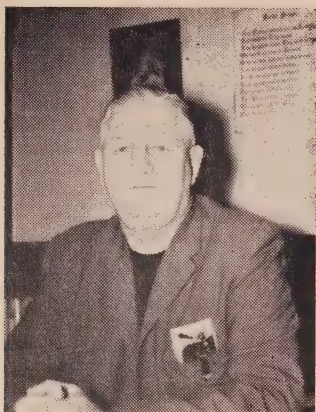
Enid Reynolds, popular CKWS radio star, confined herself to "blues" arrangements. Opening with "Up A Lazy River" always a favourite here, she was an instant sensation. Stepping up the pace a little with "Bill Bailey", she had the entire audience clapping out a beat. It will be most interesting to note this young lady in a year or two. With a little professional coaching on her delivery, she could very well develop into a top Canadian star.

Enid was accompanied on the piano by Paul Chabot. Old-timers will remember him as the head of our Classification Department several years ago.

A newcomer to our stage, Frank Bingham gave an exhibition of unusual skill with the "Bolo Bat". Several inmates were called on stage to test the simple looking things but they failed to get the ball off the floor. After this little show, no one could help but admire him as he manipulated the tiny ball around his body, in his pockets, and even in his mouth.

Kuth Knowlton and the boys did an excellent job backing the several acts. They opened the show with their number, "Tuxedo Junction". Although the arrangement was familiar, the delivery was flawless. Some of their other numbers approached this mark, but never quite made it.

The show was ended with the Collin's Bay *national anthem*, "When The Saints Go Marching In". Several members of the cast attempted to supply the demand for the "Twist", but Eva Howard was the only double jointed soul to be found. How does she do it?



Easter

Festival of Life

Cannon Minto Swan, E.D., M.A., B.D.

The Resurrection of Jesus from the grave startled the world in a very striking way because it meant that death was not the end. This great fact was not accepted fully for the first few centuries but now is one of the great tenets of the Christian faith. It is stated as a fact in the Apostle's Creed.

However, it is more than a fact. It is a guarantee that we shall live and enjoy life which does not consist of days and years on earth but is an eternal gift of God. Immortality is the word which expresses this marvellous truth. The Bible says, "Because He lives, we shall live also."

Then too, Easter not only has to do with length of life but it presents a new quality of life. Since Jesus rose from the dead and still lives, we have the sense of His presence, His power and His love. These things can change life from putting in time on earth to a rich abundant and happy life, whereby time is just the opportunity to set forth all the best things in human experience as a preparation for that much richer life which will be lived when the physical side of life has passed away and real life only is apparent. With our finite minds, it is difficult to grasp the wonder, the beauty and the glory of Easter but Easter is the basis of making life worth living. St. Paul's great attempt to explain it resulted in these words, "I live, yet not I, but Christ that liveth in me." This makes for the thrill of living. This is Easter. May we reach up and catch its radiance. It changed lives in the first century and it does the same thing in the twentieth. Let us have a share in it.

WHAT

IS

S O C C E R

The game begins when the poor little ball is placed in the center of a huge field. For several seconds, the front line of one of the gangs kick the ball gently back and forth, and then one of them drives it away down the field and both gangs chase after it. From here on the ball keeps getting kicked back and

There is still a sporting scene at Collin's Bay. For the hardy athlete that crude, cruel game of kicking a little round ball is played, and will be played until baseball season commences in late March or early April. The game referred to above, of course, is soccer. This game is played with two gangs of grown men and one poor, defenceless ball constructed of leather. There are also one or two silly looking fellows who stand around and blow whistles. Everyone seems to enjoy hollering and cursing at these latter. The game of soccer, then, is a game which is across betweet angry debate and occult sadism.

by



Billy MacIsaac

forth, up and down the field. The kickers wear big heavy boots so as to hurt the ball as much as they can. When the ball is kicked into one of the nets (some sort of foul, I think), both gangs relax for a while and walk back to centre to begin all over again. One of the gangs, however, might be seen crowded around the fellow with the whistle, screeching and hollering and kicking at the ice (they kick at everything!).

At present, there are three gangs playing this game. Last month there were four, but one team was extremely weak, so the age old solution for C.B. sports was employed, and that is to eliminate the weak team. This might not be the best method, but in the long run (it's one hundred yards from one end of the field to the other) everyone seems quite contented except the manager of the ostracized gang, which, in this case, was Frank "the blank" Zigmond. From this (?) comes screams of *impartiality, unfair, don't give up the ship*, and other such rousing recitations. At this writing, we are not certain, but we think we heard that Frank was composing a tearful epistle to Diefenbaker, parliament, and the senate. Next on the agenda was the customary retirement of the commissioner. Yes, Ben Bannach, visualizing the glory of the game receding from his grasp, resigned as commissioner and joined one of the gangs.

The object of the game, I think, is to try and break the ball, and therefore, the best players are those that kick the ball the hardest. This seems to be a sensible criterion. There are many devastating kickers — Ernie Coates, Joe Houska, Jimmy Post, Bill Hardman — all angry young men, ex-

cept, of course, the latter, whom, only for the sake of friendship, I will declare as being forty. The remainder of the players just keep running around in circles, tapping the ball every once in a while, or bouncing it off their heads.

To date, the game has been an absolute failure because there have not been any balls broken. I can visualize, however, the beautiful moment of passion and truth that accompanies the breaking of a ball, the glorious ceremony, the silence, and the mourning. The "murderer" of the ball will rush to the deflated object, sobbing and emitting shrieks and protestations of not meaning to do this terrible thing. He will know all along in his heart, as does every other soccer kicker that this is what he really wanted, that this is his patch of glory in which he realizes the fulfillment of his dreams. But the man will be humble. He will pick the piece of death from the ground, gently caress it, shed tears over it, kiss it, and rock it in his arms like a baby. He will then pass it on to the members of his gang, who will gaze upon it with awe.

At this point, both gangs will form a funeral procession and carry the ball to the centre of the field where they will dig a grave with their bare hands. They will utter words of faithfulness, saying that as long as they live they shall never kick another ball, and then they will bury it deeply.

When this is done, the winning team will break open several cases of Pepsi-Cola and revel in their victory. The losing team will slink away and make plans for the following season. This, then, is the game of soccer.

How has it ever survived?

The Boys In The Kitchen

Up in the morning at the clang of the bell,
Run to the kitchen like merry ol' hell,
Down the stone stairs and along the hall,
Curley and Limey, Sam and all,
Get out the coffee the mush and the bread,
Though they're still sleepy and feel half dead,
Walker the 'Beatnick' out with the juice,
Dreaming along of the day he'll be loose.

Hey, watch the coffee, not so much jam,
Cut down on the butter, little less ham,
Cec in his corner starting to shine,
Another full day without any wine,
Then there is Meany, a man of renown,
There isn't a place he's not been aroun',
He tells such tales to me and you,
But they're too fantastic by far to be true.

Next comes Francis, he's quite a boy
To hear Bud tell it, he's the girls' pride and joy,
He and Lemieux dream in a row,
While all their tobacco at bridge they blow,
Then there's the Wart, small, dark and lean,
He's the one they call the village dean,
You all know Billy, the guy with the steaks,
But don't ask the 'crock' to give you the breaks.

There's Cecil, Whitey, Collins, and Hey!
Let's not forget 'Whip', the talk of the Bay,
And swivel hips Collins, the Wart's little lamb,
Also Robert Huff who does everyday cram,
The pots and the pans full of chicken and what,
And with Whitey along he does proudly strut,
Back to his cell all tidy and spruce,
Listening again to the inmates' abuse.

NEWS BRIEFS....

Film Donated

The movie entitled "Ice Palace" which the inmates viewed on Sunday, January 21, was donated to us by the St. Mary's Old People's Home in Kingston, Ontario. Because of some mix-up our regular film was not delivered, but Mr. Jim Edmunds made a call to the home and got the film from them.

Big Deal

The films that we have been getting to view on Saturdays are not regular films, but are part of a deal with Kingston. This is a little extra entertainment which is arranged by the keeper who happens to be in charge of the prison. Whether to trade films with K.P. or not is a matter which is left to the keeper's discretion.

Cold

Several times during the months of January and February, the temperature has descended so far below zero that some of the outside working gangs, even the garage, were not permitted to work.

Price Increase

Canned 'pop' on the inmates' canteen has undergone an increase in price from eight cents to nine cents (per can). Can openers may be purchased for seven cents.

New Gymnasium

The design for the safety sash to be placed on the outside of the new gymnasium's windows recently arrived from Ottawa. The steel for this job has yet to be purchased, but as soon as it arrives, the local welders will set to work at this task.

Originally, the stage shows just passed were scheduled to be held in the new building, but apparently there is something wrong with the floor. The administration wants the inmates in the new place just as much as the inmates themselves want to be in, but nothing can commence until the civilian workmen are finished, and all is in order.

NEW DIET

Inmates all agree that the new army ration is much better than the old system. Under the new feeding system, we get more coffee, juices in the morning, an ounce of cheese per man each day, an ounce of butter with every meal, and more bacon and eggs. Oh, almost forgot. Also we get chicken now.

CHICKEN

Speaking of chicken, we think that the chef deserves some measure of congratulations for the tasty dish he has developed from the monthly ration of chicken. Instead of issuing each inmate one half chicken each month, two batches of a chicken stew were concocted, and we think that even Gastronomer Lex Schrag would have praised it.

CHICKEN of a different colour?

However, also speaking of chicken, we think that there must be another recipe for this fowl. How about a little variety? It certainly looks fine on the menu, but after seven or eight meals of the same *stuff*, it becomes rather monotonous and nauseating.

Solution

to

Problem?

One of the institution's least rigid and most sensible regulations is that the inmates must keep in single file while going to and returning from meals. This regulation is not always adhered to by the inmates and, quite frequently, officers become irate and exasperated when they observe a group of inmates drifting nonchalantly along the corridor in twos, threes, or mores??

We might be mistaken, but we think we overheard Mr. Nicholson state to Mr. Westlake: "How do they expect to keep in line on the outside if they can't even stay in line in here?"

Perhaps Mr. Nicholson would be willing to listen to a suggestion: This same problem persisted at a secondary school in Toronto, but there was one stern old teacher who attacked the problem with great gusto. The teacher in question made a habit of apprehend the various offenders and confine them to his classroom where he supervised them as they wrote two hundred times: "My inept circumambulations and inanities have been decreed infelicitous, illegal, inexcusable, and indicative of ill-breeding; therefore, I will, in future, endeavour to navigate more skillfully along the corridors."

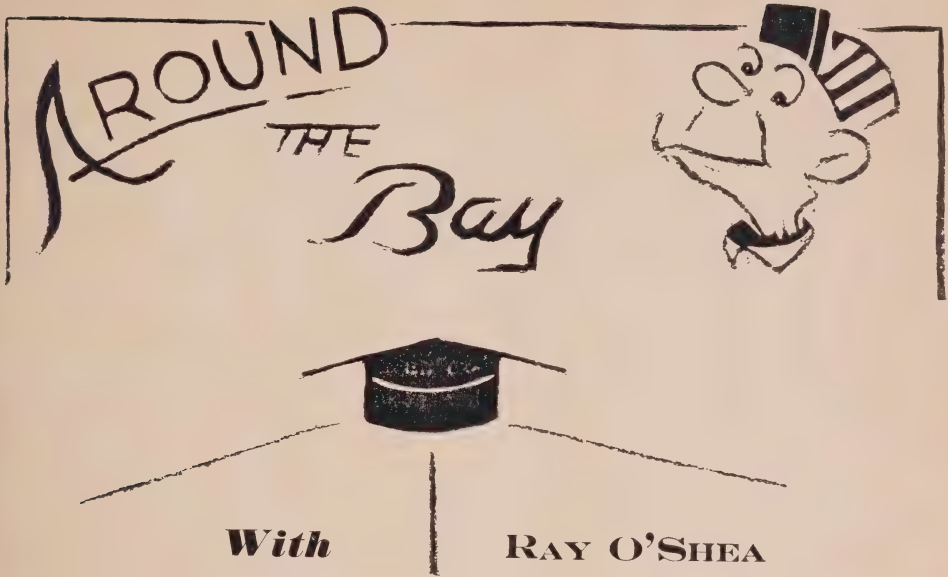
Who knows? It might work!

Home

S
W
E
E
T

Home





Reports were received that everyone was in a dither, cleaning shops for the Warden's Inspection — which never materialized (as yet, anyway). Better keep on your toes. Better safe than sorry!

The general concensus of the inmate population is that "Smily" Doug Pettet is the best paper boy seen in a long while *What's your secret, Doug?* "Boomer" Smith had a tooth pulled. *Nothin', eh? Well, just ask "Boomer", he'll tell you it was SOME-THING.* John Willoughby is wondering why he keeps getting cell changes. And speaking of cell changes, Frank "the bug" McIlvaney had a few recently. "The bug", by the way, is breaking in a new barber, where else but in the barber shop? The question then, seems to be: Will Buddy "the Arab" Francis ever learn? — barbering, that is....

Jack Johnson pictures himself as the greatest broomball player since the flood, but Jellybean says he cheats. Tommy "radical" Smith recently accepted employment on the local janitor's service.

Collins and Gough slated for Farm Camp. Might we ask: What will happen to the "wart"? "Mumbles" Kosslack, which in itself is a gross understatement, pretty hep with the pasteboards. Victorious on several occasions over the mighty Birnstihl — and for this you have to be pretty good. "Rollie" Beauregard mainstay of concert group (via concert group news service alias "Rollie"). Old committee members never die, they just fade away! Since moving to 3-Block, I have only heard the belligerent roars of Ridout once or twice every night. He must have a sore throat! "Mac" MacDougall is losing weight, believe it or not. He's now down to about 210. Billy Hardman can't even lift 180. — and at his age too. Joe Smith is trusted to enter illustrious radio room. So is "Gibby" J. Sharpe, the hound, has not been carrying strange parcels for several weeks now! Who has designs on Jas. McNeil? Or is it the other way around?

As of several months ago, crowbars, hacksaws, pipecutters, and the like are prohibited in the sleeping areas. And we are not kidding! All that Hector LaFrance requires to make the image complete is a shaggy dog sweater, music by Ahmed Jamal, and the pot. Why don't you comb that beard Hee? Big Bad John Grabowski is taking his final few days easy, but before he goes, he would like to sell one small, thin, rather bedraggled item to anyone who would appreciate an annoyance. Is that about right, John? The master of the bride game in 3-Block is toothless, many thing-less Kirkwood. He may not play a good game, but he talks a good one.

Mooney is still searching for some soap to steal! Ever since he left the kitchen in the pen, he hasn't been happy unless he's pinched at least one bar of soap a day. Noticed that John McBaine's name was still on the count, but haven't seen him around for a long time. Where are you hiding, John?

We have several requests asking us if we would petition John Meany to let "Whip" Wilson out of his cell on Saturday nights to watch the hockey games. After all John, its only one night of the week! And keep your fingers out of the soup!

Hello to "Titch" from Carmen and Billy, also to Bryan Augur from Ernie, to Ed Roach at Beaver Creek from the Saturday morning boys. The masons will never be the same without you, Ed! "Knobby" Clarke departed for Beaver Creek last month. Also Les Chew, Clarence Longlad, Len Heels and Howie Fox. "Bubbles" Maxam released on expiration. Partners Bill Lonsdale and Bert Jellifo select strange rendezvous to discuss their favourite hobby,

which is coppercraft — thirty below zero weather! Ken Renaud has a nineteen inch arm! Doug Miller received teeth and glasses — at last! Jerry Marsh playing soccer in the snow with Red McDermott. That's

what we hear! George Deitch refused to attend stage show with Dufty. Bill "Hammer" Hanrahan to be elected Queen of the Bolo Bats. "Bearcat" Livingstone has been very quiet lately. What's wrong? George Gouthro back with parole violation and re-charges, also — Hucker. Bill Thornton has been sober for more than a month now! Bill Mac Isaac transferred temporarily to Kingston hospital for hysterectomy. Gerry Willcox looks much better since he left the stores. Manual labour must agree with him! Good luck to Michael O'Grady on his forthcoming appeal. Looking much more chipper now that he's settled down. What do George Armstrong and Buddy Francis talk about when they congregate at the local theatre every week? Is it possible we have another "Knobby" Clarke in George Watson? Ronnie Tucker recent arrival. How can Brian Shaw buy pens and not the Diamond? For this and other exciting information read the next episode of Around The Bay With Rick O'Shea — O.K.

NEW ARRIVALS:

Since the writing of the above column, several notable personages have transferred to Collin's Bay from the maximum security prison at Kingston. Among those arrivals, who incidentally we hope will dole out a dollar or two or three for the Diamond (to send home of course), were Big Ben Corcoran, Smilin' Charlie McCarthy, Mike Patterson, D. A. MacLean and T. Crockett.

Also since the original writing of the column, Joe Smith received notification that his parole has been granted. Joe, making his second parole on a big twenty year sentence, has been one of the institution's foremost personalities for years, and, even though he has worked for this parole and deserves it, we kind of hate to see him go. All kidding aside, We wish Joe the best of luck and the following advice from dapper Bill MacIsaac: "Keep your nose out of Mrs. O'Reilly's spiked tea....."

ACTUAL CASE HISTORIES



PROFILE

Wayne's childhood was extremely happy. The parent-child relationship was excellent, with both parents taking a deep interest in the welfare of their three sons. Wayne, the second child, recalls that his father often went out of his way to heap affection on the older boys, after the baby had arrived. A machinist by trade, his father has been employed by the same firm for over twenty years. His only demand on the children was that they attend church regularly and adhere to the philosophy taught there. This they did gladly.

Making and keeping friends was easy for Wayne during this period. He was active in several sports programmes and was a member of two leading "youth" organizations. But although his personality seemed to be developing normally, he progressed slowly in school. His fifth grade teacher brought this to the attention of his parents, and they promised to make his study harder.

THE SECOND IN A SERIES

by

J. Birnstihl

Wayne's home town boasted a population of just over six hundred. As a result, a guidance specialist was beyond the reach of the local school board. So the problem continued. Wayne made and held friends, attended church regularly and was always polite to his elders. In short, he appeared to be an ideal child. But his poor scholastic record continued. Finally, his mother decided to solve the problem herself.

First, she approached the principal of the school. After several lengthy interviews, during which he attempted to localize the problem in the home, he suggested that the boy take an I.Q. test. However, the parents, and particularly the mother, held strong prejudices in matters of psychology and refused to hear of the idea.

One day during his final public school year, Wayne mentioned that he was interested in learning a trade. This simple statement sent his mother into a rage. Thus, her attack, which was to last for the next several years, began.

She started by simply mentioning that anyone who worked in a factory was doomed to a form of slavery. Wayne found this difficult to accept at first because his father, who worked in a factory, seemed quite content. But his mother was persistent, and soon he actually believed that unless his grades improved, he would be doomed to a rather unclean form of second class citizenship. And with a few additional suggestions from his mother, the grotesque picture of manual labour became fixed in his mind.

Wayne did try harder, and he managed to pass into high school. Nothing changed, however, during his first year: his marks were consistently low and the teachers complained of a total lack of

interest. In one course, though, he did manage to break through. Carpentry was his forte.

But, strangely enough, he did manage to pass his final examinations.

Wayne's parents were called to the school office just before the second term began, and the principal suggested that he be enrolled in the technical department. Wayne liked this idea, but his mother insisted that he continue with his academic studies.

There was only one change during the second year: instead of doing well in one course he failed them all. Though his mother was driven to tears, she insisted that he try again. After all, she reasoned, why couldn't he do better, especially when his brothers were doing so well? All he had to do was study harder. With vivid pictures of a beaten humanity toiling endlessly in some dark factory, Wayne was motivated onward in his quest for "knowledge".

Wayne managed to secure several part-time jobs, but his mother always found something objectionable about them and he was forced to leave. Also, it was about this time that Wayne noticed an inability in himself to make friends; at least it was not as easy as it had been before. However, Wayne attributes this mainly to the strict discipline that his mother enforced, thereby hoping that he would study more.

When Wayne failed to pass his year for the second consecutive time, his father attempted to regain control. Over the loudly protesting figure of his mother, he was finally permitted to leave school.

He had several job offers at first, but his mother always found something objectionable about them. Her criterion seemed to be dirt. If there was even a

slim chance that his hands might become dirty, the job was turned down. Naturally, he was in full agreement with her at this time.

Then, for the second time, his father acted. It was either work or leave the house. He took the first thing that came along, which happened to be carrying blocks for a bricklayer.

Wayne remained at the same job for over a year, and he hated every day of it. His mother frequently attempted to secure other employment for him, but she met with no success. Wayne recalls, however, that her pressure was switched from himself and brought to bear on his father. Apparently, she felt that there was need for reform elsewhere.

One day, after a particularly severe lecture from his mother (devoted to his negative attitude concerning his job), he fled the house. As he walked aimlessly toward town, he happened to pass a used car lot. One of the vehicles caught his eye. He stood on the sidewalk for some time, playing with the idea of taking a closer look. He thought of the freedom such a car would bring and his eyes watered. But he knew the thing was hopeless. He did not even own a drivers licence. The salesman, however, had other ideas. After dicker-ing for a time, he agreed to ruin the company and let Wayne have the car for nine hundred dollars; almost his entire savings. The deal included a free driving lesson.

For one solid month his mother did little else but predict his day of doom, or conversely, her own. The thought that Wayne had actually, taken a major decision into his own hands was too much for her. Finally, to keep the peace, Wayne ceased to drive his car.

One evening, a short time later, a group of friends from work invited him to a party. Reluctantly, he accepted. For the first time in his life he got drunk. His friends were labourers who floated from job to job, so they really were not dismayed when, five days later they returned to work and were summarily dismissed.

Wayne did not feel too badly about losing the job. It was, he thought, too dirty for him anyway. Besides, his friends assured him that work was plentiful in a number of other Ontario areas so he was not afraid of hunger.

Without informing his family, Wayne left town with his friends a week later. For several months they drifted from town to town, finding casual jobs along the way. Wayne did not particularly like this way of life, but it was better than the nagging he received at home.

Without food for two days, and with no place to sleep, Wayne and one of his friends attempted to pass a worthless cheque. They met with little success at first, but hunger, providing a powerful motivation, pushed them on. At last, after several attempts, they were successful. Flushed with a sense of victory they cashed several more within the week.

Three weeks later they were arrested and charged with uttering forged documents.

After spending a month in jail awaiting trial, Wayne and his friends pleaded guilty to the charges. Again, they were remanded in custody for a week before being sentenced.

When Wayne's mother heard of the regrettable incident, she immediately paid him a visit. Little was said between the two, but she promised to do everything possible for him. This she

did. A lawyer was retained, the magistrate was contacted and church officials were brought into the case.

The magistrate outlined the several possibilities open to him as regards the sentence. It was only when he mentioned the fourteen years on each charge that Wayne felt a little faint. But the good man was lenient and placed him on probation for one year, with the provision that he return home to his parents. His mother smiled triumphantly as they left the court room.

His mother found a new problem. Instead of worrying about his "low occupation", she now centered her concern on his criminal potential. Three months later he slipped quietly out of town, and back with his old crowd.

If nothing else, Wayne had developed a measure of self confidence. He could lie and cheat with the best of them. Purchasing some stolen cheques, he and a friend started off on a cross-country crime spree.

Like all things living, their party finally came to an end. Involved in a minor motor accident, the police soon

discovered the true identity of the two and they were promptly jailed.

His mother tried very hard to have him placed on probation again, but the magistrate had his own ideas. Probably the sentence would have been much lighter, but apparently Wayne's court room attitude left something to be desired. When asked whether he had anything to say before sentence was passed, he laughed.

Two years in Kingston Penitentiary quickly wiped that away.

Wayne has not been an institutional problem, but it would be fair to say that he has responded to no part of the treatment and training programme offered here. He showed an early interest in the Vocational Carpentry course upon transfer here, but that interest is dead. He is presently employed as a labourer.

He has thought little of the future. His mother will look after his immediate needs when he is released; beyond this he does not know.

Of one thing he is certain: he will not dirty his hands.

AIM HIGH

Who aimeth at the sky,
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.

PLEASURE AND SORROW

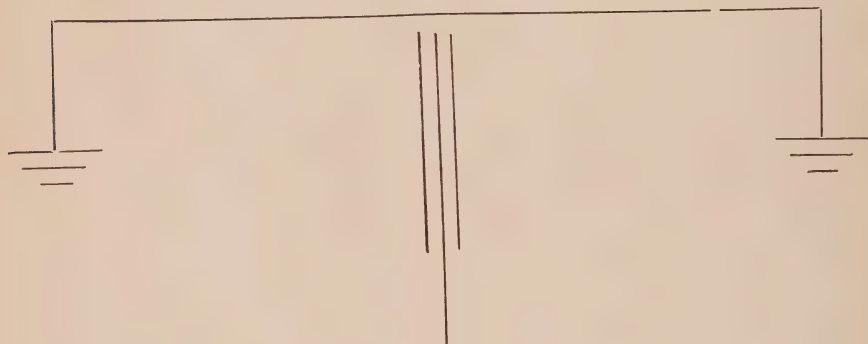
I walked a mile with pleasure;
She chatted all the way;
But left me none the wiser;
For all she had to say.
I walked a mile with sorrow,
And ne'er a word she said;
But, Oh! the things I learnt from her,
When sorrow walked with me.

—Robert Browning Hamilton.

"Guilty as charged!" The court-room was still. Only the echo of these words reverberated throughout the capacity populated, yet strangely silent chamber of justice.

The

Party



by

Chuck Baker

The judge, old and angry looking, with a seamed and twisted face, lined by greying hair, peered down with a vulture-like stare at the young man with the ruddy complexion and large, beak-like nose. The young man, although of Herculean physique, was trembling.

"Will you speak on your own behalf?" asked the judge.

The prisoner lifted his head from its dejected repose on his shoulder. "Yes sir," he muttered, thinking that there was not much use. He knew that he could not change the verdict, but there was a hope that he might influence a lighter sentence.

The prisoner began: "You see, it was this way...last night, I was at a party with a few of the boys. We wuz drinkin' much vodka...much, much, much vodka. Well judge, naturally I'm a drinkin' man, so I has a few snorts the same as the rest o' the guys.

"Then, outta the blue, in comes this chick...er...I mean girl. Man, she's the most. Er...ah...she was very pretty. Anyway, this chick comes over and sits beside me. Yeah, right outta the blue, she comes and sits beside me. Naturally, I looks at her. Who could help it? Before I can open my mouth to say anything, this chick says, 'Dah-link, vhy you deed not phone-a-tel me tonight, lak you promeesed?'

"This really got me. I actually thought my marbles was goin', so I ups and takes a bash of vodka. This ain't enough. I starts rubbin' my eyes, and pinchin' myself to make sure, and she ropes me in her arms. 'Oh, dahlink,' she says, 'don't worry about not on zee phone-a-tel talking to me. I forgeeve you.' Wham, then she lays one on me. Man, what a pair of smackers. I was flustered, and naturally I needs a steng-thener, so I has a smash of vodka, and another smash of vodka, and then I has the final shot of vodka, with a vodka chaser. I started to feel better.

"Well judge, honestly, I couldn't figure this chick. I never seen her before, and there she is trying to make like Juliet, kissin' and huggin' me, and all that jazz.

"Means-while, the boys is laughin' and jokin'. Boy, I must really been the laughin' stock. I knows that they is laughin' 'bout me, so I started to get up and put them straight. I just wanted to explain that I didn't know her,

judge. It was as simple as that.

"Besides, I had to get another bottle, because I was thirsty."

After this statement, the prisoner paused. He giggled fluently and shrugged. The solemn-faced people in the chamber remained silent.

The judge glared at him. "Is that all?"

"No sir," replied the prisoner. "I goes across the room to the big table and gets me another jug of vodka. I just starts to talk with Romanoff when she tugs at my arm. 'Dahlink,' she says, 'Seet down wiz me.' With this, she pushes me into a chair and starts smashin's me with kisses.

"At this point, Romanoff comes over. 'Comrade,' he says, 'we save up all our rations for one years to have gigantic stag party. We have plenty vodka. We have plenty party. We have plenty fun until you girl come. Now you just drink our vodka, and no talk to us. What is big idea, Comrade?'

"I informs him that I don't even know the chick, but he scoffs. 'Bosh, Comrade,' he says, 'what are you going to do about her?'

"Well judge, I takes a good long drink of vodka, and then I picks her up and throws her out the window. I think I seen her land in a pile of snow. Romanoff told her happy landing, and then we goes and joins our comrades. Honest, judge, I swear I never knew she was a Social Inspector."

The judge flashed a handkerchief and blew his nose.

"Igor Patikikov," said the judge, "it is the decision of the People's Court that you be confined for twenty years in Siberia for your vicious and licentious assault on a party member."



H U M O U R



A safety sign by a school read:
"School — Don't Kill A Child"
Beneath was a childish scrawl:
"Wait for a teacher."

Two men had just dined together. Outside the restaurant, one turned to the other: "Jack," he said, "how come you left that hat check girl a two dollar tip?"

"Listen," explained his friend, "isn't this new coat she gave me worth two dollars?"

"Beg your pardon," said the man at the door, "but would you like to contribute something to the Home for Hopeless Alcoholics?"

"You bet," replied Mrs. Murphy promptly, "come back about ten this evening and you can have Murphy."

The boss called the new stenographer into his office. "Miss Smith," he said, "you're the best looking girl we ever had working in this office."

"You dress well," the boss continued, "you make a good impression on the public, and your deportment is of the highest."

"Oh, thank you!" she said. "Your compliments are pleasing."

"Enjoy them to the fullest," replied the boss, "because now we are going to discuss your spelling, punctuation and typing."

The maharajah of an interior Indian province decreed that no wild animals could be killed. Soon the country was overrun by man-eating lions, tigers, panthers and boars. The people could stand it no longer and gave the maharajah the heave-ho. And this is the first instance on record where the reign was called on account of game.

Two sailors on their first cruise were talking. "Yes," said the first, "I'm quite a literary man. Why, I've contributed to the Atlantic Monthly."

"That's nothing," said the second as he leaned over the deck rail. "I've contributed to the Atlantic daily."

The old narrow roads where two cars could barely pass without colliding are being replaced by splendid highways on which six or eight cars can collide at one time.

And the last week, that was the worst. I was nervous and tense. I knew that they would have to let me go, but where was I going? What would I do? How would I act? Many gnawing questions unfurled in my mind, and I was sick. Four days before my release, I was so sick that I had to be removed to the infirmiry for treatment. I was continually retching for three days, right up until the time that I was scheduled to make my exit.

Then it came, and soon I was on my way. I remember sitting on the train watching the receding track with sore, tear-filled eyes, counting the minutes until I would be home for a visit with my mother who was at that time, eight-two years old.

Do you think I want to live those years again?

There were many nice things that happened to me on my release day, especially the munificence of A.A. members who met me at the front office and delivered me to their home for a reception before train time. This was a wonderful boost to the morale.

When I arrived at my destination that day, there was another A.A. contingent waiting at the station with his car, ready to drive me home to a good, home-cooked meal. I didn't enjoy the meal because I was too emotionally upset, but I will forever appreciate

the kindness with which I was met and taken into homes. And did I go to sleep that night? No, I was tired, but I couldn't sleep. I spent my first night walking the streets. I sat in the park and filled my lungs with *expanse*. I was free.

It took me a full week to get normally settled, but it was great to know that I was alive, and to know that there was no longer any bars or gruff voices to put me on edge.

Now, I look at the things I have earned and at the peaceful happiness that is mine and I thank God that I was not of the same thinking as those who keep returning to the penitentiaries.

As far as I'm concerned, I have made good, and if you fellows want to know how it's done, the first thing to do is change your attitude. Don't think that society is purposely persecuting you. Think that you have wronged society, and in return for this wrong, must make amends. If you think this way, then half of the fight is won.

And what of the other half of the fight? The other half is up to you. If you have the ambition and guts to say no when someone asks you to help them out on a score, then you can make it. If you have the guts to go to work every morning at an appointed time, then you will make it. No other way will do.

Yours truly

An Ex-Inmate

LETTERS

TO THE

EDITOR

Dear Editor:

I noticed in your last issue that you have subscribers in Venezuela. What other countries do you send your magazine to?

Enclosed, by the way, is one dollar for renewal. Really do enjoy the Diamond. Keep up the good work.

Yours truly,
Ethel Ford

Editors Note: We send subscriptions to the United States, England, Scotland, Ireland, Australia, Venezuela, Belgium, Germany, Brazil and Hungary. We will send them anywhere in the world — for the price of a dollar.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed is one dollar for a subscription to the Diamond. I picked up one of your books at my mother in law's home, and was interested in it. She said that I could get one for a dollar, so here it is. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain,

Yours truly,
Mrs. M. Rhynd

Editor's Note: Thank you for the dollar. We might just mention that the dollar entitles you to not just one magazine, but a year's subscription.

Dear Sirs:

Your Christmas issue was extremely good, especially the cartoon of the bomb going down the chimney. Give my regards to your able artist. Why not have more of those cartoons? I know its your magazine and perhaps none of my business, but I think that something like this serves to brighten up the paper and give it a little more variety. Just a suggestion. No hard feelings?

Sincerely,
Mr. Ed Crossman

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